version of " Frou-Frou," where the poor woman is dying, her husband shows her a locket with a picture of her child in it. Night after night we used a "property*' locket, but on my birthday, when we happened to be playing the piece, Charles Kelly bought a silver locket of Indian work and put inside it two little coloured photographs of rny children, Edy and Teddy, and gave it to me on the stage instead of the "property" one. When I opened it, I burst into very real tears ! I have often wondered since if the audience that night knew that they were seeing *real* instead of assumed emotion! Probably the difference did not tell at all.

At Leeds we produced " Much Ado About Nothing." I never played Beatrice as well again. When I began to " take soundings " from life for my idea of her, I found in. my friend Anne Codrington (now Lady Winchilsea) what I wanted. There was before rne a Beatrice—as fine a lady as ever lived, a great-hearted woman—beautiful, accomplished, merry, tender. When Nan Codrington came into a room it was as if the sun came out. She was the daughter of an admiral, and always tried to make her room look as like a cabin as she could. [u] An excellent musician," as Benedick hints Beatrice was, Nan composed the little song that I sang at the Lyceum in "The Cup," and.veyry.good it was, too.

When Henry Irving put OB " Much Ado About Nothing " —a play which he may he said to have done for me, as he never really liked the part of Benedick—I was not the same Beatrice at all. A great actor can do

nothing badly,
and there was -so very much to admire in Henry living's
Benedick. But he gave me little help. Beatrice must be
swift, swift, swift I Owing to Henry's rather finicking,
deliberate method as Benedick, I could never put the right
pace into niy part. I was also feeling unhappy about it,